

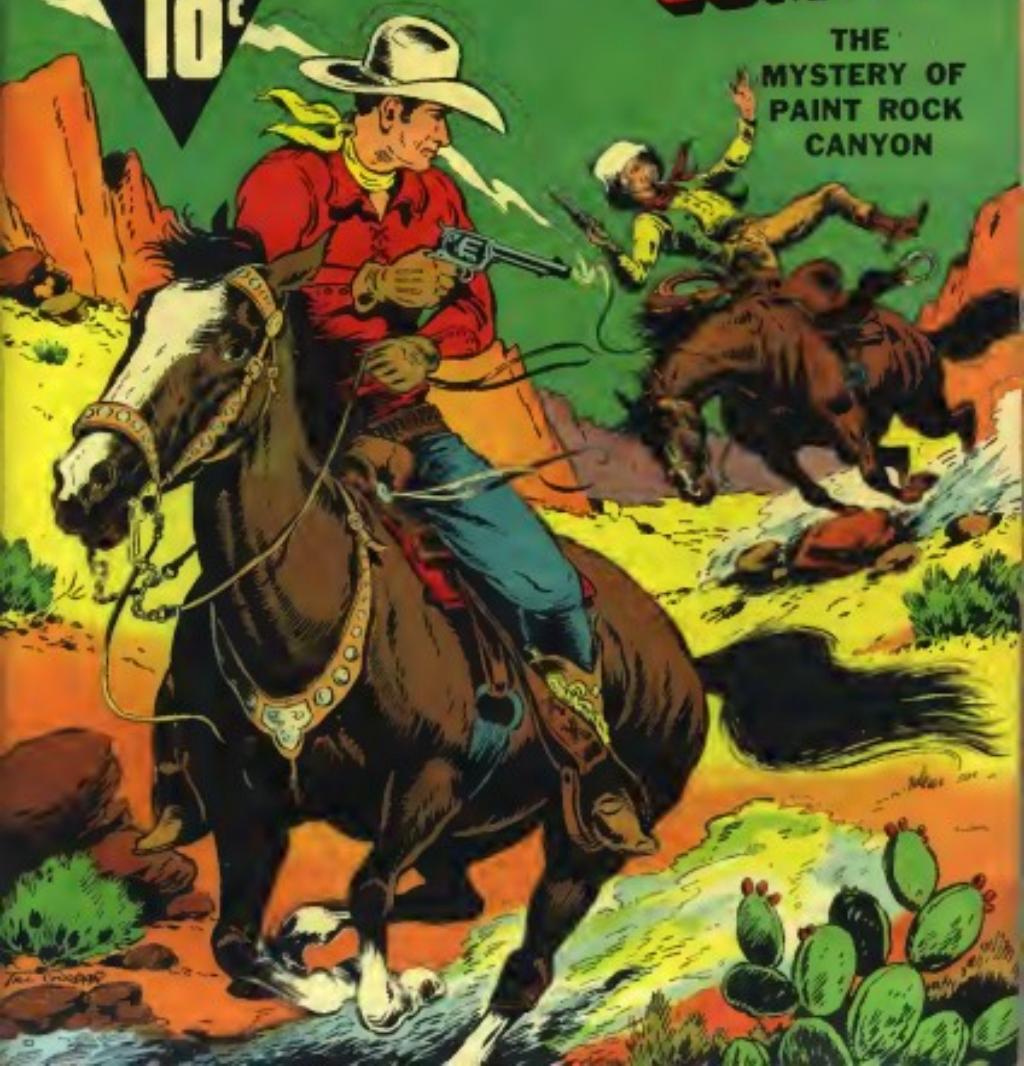
No. 5—February 10

GENE AUTRY COMICS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

THE
MYSTERY OF
PAINT ROCK
CANYON



The Big 3 in Comics



**GET YOURS AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND.**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1923
OF GENE AUTRY COMICS, published bi-monthly at
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.
State of Connecticut.

County of Fairfield 14.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and
county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett,
who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and
says that he is the owner of the publication entitled "GENE
AUTRY COMICS" and that the following is, to the best of his
knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership,
management, circulation, etc., as required by law, of the
aforementioned publication for the date shown in the
above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as
amended by the Act of March 3, 1923, and by the rules and
regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form.

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Swear to and subscribe before me this 28th day of
September, 1942.

[Seal] LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY.

Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 1, 1943.)

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Gene Autry

THE MYSTERY OF PAINT ROCK CANYON

BY SUNDOWN WE'LL BE OUTTA TH' DESERT, CHAMP. IT WONT BE LONG 'TIL WE'RE IN PEBBLE CITY WITH OUR OLD FRIEND, MARSHAL JACK THOMAS.



TRY TO MAKE THOSE ROCKS, CHAMP.



GUESS WE MADE A BAD MISTAKE IN TAKIN' TH' SHORT CUT ACROSS TH' DESERT TO PEBBLE CITY.



HOURS
LATER

TH' STORM'S OVER,
CHAMP. BUT TH'
TRAIL'S GONE, TOO.

A WALLET! SOMEBODY MUSTA
DROPPED IT AND TH' STORM
UNCOVERED IT.



NOTHIN' IN IT BUT AN OLD
ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO BILL
BURLEY, RANCHO GRANDE,
TEXAS. IT WAS MAILED IN MAY,
1932. THAT'S MOREN'TEN
YEARS AGO!



MEBBE SOMEDAY WELL RUN
ACROSS THIS BILL BURLEY AN'
GIVE HIM BACK HIS WALLET.



I'VE LOST OUR BEARIN'S, CHAMP. ALL
WE CAN DO IS TAKE A CHANCE AN'
HEAD FOR THOSE HILLS.





A SETTLEMENT IN TH' HILLS!
LUCK'S WITH US, CHAMP! NOW
WE'LL FIND GRUB AN' WATER.



FEEL BETTER NOW,
DON'T YOU, CHAMP?



HOWDY! WE GOT LOST IN TH' SAND-
STORM AN' WANDERED IN HERE. CAN
YOU TELL US WHERE
WE ARE?



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE
I AM, CAN'T YOU?



YOU'RE PASSIN' THROUGH
PAINT ROCK CANYON,
STRANGER.





PEBBLE CITY'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES NORTHEAST. KEEP GOIN' STRAIGHT THROUGH PAINT ROCK CANYON PASS.



YOU FOLKS AREN'T VERY FRIENDLY TO STRANGERS, ARE YOU?

NOPE.
PAINT ROCK AINT GOT MUCH TIME FOR OUTSIDERS.



ANY OBJECTIONS TO MY CAMPIN' OUT HERE 'TIL SUN-UP? IT'S PRETTY LATE TO BE STARTIN' FOR PEBBLE CITY TONIGHT.

NOPE. HERES TWO DAYS' SUPPLIES FOR YOU AN' YOUR HORSE.

THIS PAINT ROCK'S TH' QUEEREST PLACE I EVER STRUCK. FOLKS WONT ANSWER QUESTIONS. AN THEY DONT ASK EM.



STOP HIM !!
THIEF! THIEF!





COME ON, AUTRY WELL TAKE A
LOOK AT TED MILLER TH FELLA
WHITEY SHOT, THEN WELL HOLD
COURT IN TH STORE.

TH BULLET GRAZED
HIS SCALP. I'LL FIX
YOU UP, TED.



THIS IS GENE AUTRY,
BOYS HES OKAY HE
STOPPED WHITEY.



HE WAS REACHIN' FOR MY
SACK O' GOLD DUST WHEN
COME IN. HE PULLED A GUN
AN ONE O HIS BULLETS
CREASED MY HEAD.

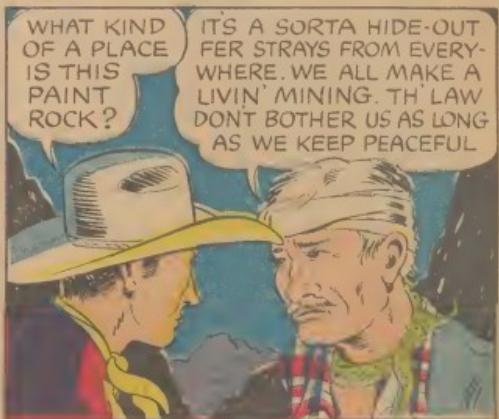
THAT'S RIGHT. I
ROPED HIM WHEN
HE WAS RUNNIN'
PAST ME.



AS MAYOR OF PAINT
ROCK, I'LL GIVE YOU
FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET
OUTTA TOWN, WHITEY!
YOU KIN HAVE YOUR
HORSE AN TWO DAYS
GRUB, IF YOU SHOW YUR
FACE AROUND HERE
AGIN, WELL SHOOT TO
KILL NOW GIT!



SEND YOUR GREASE TO YOUR BUTCHER AND WE WILL FRY THOSE AXIS BUTCHERS!

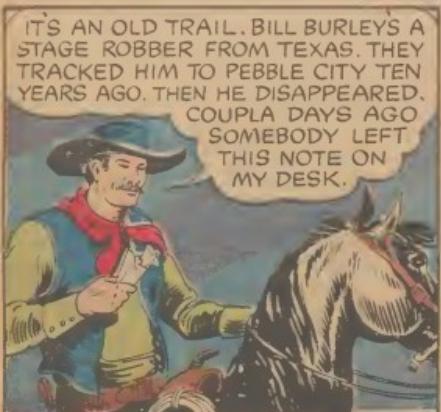


NEXT MORNING

WE HAVE A LONG RIDE
AHEAD OF US, CHAMP.
WELL SAY S'LONG TO
TH' DOC AN' PUSH ON.

SOMEBODY'S COMIN'
AN' RIDIN' FAST!

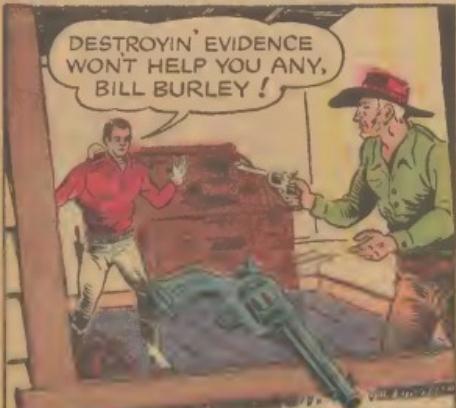














SAVE YOUR TIN AND WE WILL WIN







I GUESS THEY'VE GIVEN UP
TH' CHASE, CHAMP NOW WE
GOTTA GET TO JACK THOMAS
AN' TELL HIM WE'VE LOCATED
BILL BURLEY.

WHAT'S TH' MATTER, CHAMP?
HEAR SOMETHIN'?



A GIRL!



HOWDY, MA'M. SORTA STARTLED ME,
SEEIN' A WOMAN ALONE OUT HERE.

MY HORSE STEPPED
INTO A PRAIRIE
DOG HOLE AND
BROKE HIS LEG
I-I-HAD TO
SHOOT HIM.



HEADIN'
TOWARD
PEBBLE
CITY?

NO TOWARD PAINT ROCK
I'M GOING TO VISIT MY
FATHER, DOCTOR WESTON.
I'M JOYCE WESTON



YOU DON'T MEAN
DOC WELCH,
DO YOU?



YES THAT'S WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF.
HE DISAPPEARED TEN YEARS AGO
I'VE FINALLY TRACED HIM TO
PAINT ROCK.

DOES YOUR
FATHER
KNOW
YOU'RE
COMIN'?

NO YOU SEE HE WAS
CONVICTED OF A MURDER
IN TEXAS. HE ESCAPED
AND HES BEEN HIDING OUT
NOW THEY'VE FOUND
THAT THE REAL MURDERER
WAS A MAN NAMED
BILL BURLEY SO
DAD'S FREE.

DO YOU KNOW THIS
MAN BILL BURLEY?

NO, I NEVER
SAW HIM.

HOP UP, CHAMP! I'LL CARRY
DOUBLE. I'LL TAKE YOU
TO PAINT ROCK
WE'LL BE THERE
BY SUN-UP.

NOW YOU KNOW TH' WHOLE STORY
I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE IN PAINT ROCK.

BUT I CAN! AND
I'LL SEE WHAT I
CAN FIND OUT



THEY SURE VAMOOSED FAST,
AFTER THEY MET. THERE'S
SOMETHIN' QUEER GOIN'
ON IN THIS CANYON.
CHAMP!

HE'S IN THE CAVE,
WAITING, DAD,



JOYCE TOLD ME EVERYTHING. I
FIGURED YOU WERE AFTER TH' GOLD
DUST, AUTRY. I KEEP IT FOR TH' BOYS.
IT'S BEEN DISAPPEARIN' LATELY.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE BURLEY.
WERE'D YOU GET HIS GUN?



I FOUND IT ON TH' DESERT SO I KNEW
HE WAS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. I
DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW I HAD
IT, BECAUSE I VOWED I'D CATCH HIM,
MYSELF, SOMEDAY.



GOT ANY SUSPICIONS ABOUT
ANYBODY IN PARTICULAR?

YES. BUT I HAVE TO FIND
PROOF. EVERY MAN IN PAINT
ROCK'S GOT A PAST.



THAT'S A FINE PLAN, AUTRY. YOU SEARCH
TH' SHACKS AN' SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A
TRACE OF TH' MISSING GOLD DUST,
AS WELL AS BURLEY.





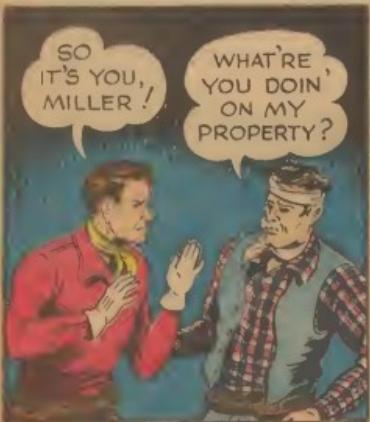
BUY WAR STAMPS AND LICK THE AXIS











I'LL FIX YOU SO YOU
WON'T DO ANY MORE
TRESPASSIN' !



HEY! WATCH
WHERE YOU'RE
GOIN'!



PRETENDING
TO STUMBLE,
GENE WHIRLS
QUICKLY AND
CATCHES
HIS CAPTOR
OFF BALANCE



I-I'LL GET
YOU! YOU
THIEVIN'
SPY!

BETTER SAVE
YOUR BREATH,
MILLER!



NOW I RECKON
WE'LL HAVE A
LITTLE TALK,
MILLER!



TH' BULLET GASH
ON YOUR SHOULDER!
BILL BURLEY!





WELL WALL UP THIS
ENTRANCE AN' IF
THEY EVER FIND
HIM, IT'LL BE
TOO LATE!



WELL GET TH' REST OF TH' DUST
OUTTA DOC'S PLACE TONIGHT
AN' TAKE ALL TH' CASH HE'S
GOT. IT OUGHTTA
BE PLENTY.



NOW YOU GOT EVERYTHING
CLEAR ABOUT TONIGHT?

YEP



I GOTTA
FIND A WAY
OUTTA
HERE



IF I CAN JUST
KNOCK THIS BOX
OVER AN GET AT
THOSE MATCHES.



SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO WIN THIS SCRAP



THERE GOES TH FIRST
STONE! MEBBE TH OTHERS
WILL MOVE EASIER.

WHO'S IN THERE?
YELL OUT OR I'LL
START SHOOTIN'!

GENE AUTRY! WHO'RE
YOU? YOU CAN PUT
THAT GUN AWAY.
THEY TOOK MINE.

AUTRY! I SURE NEVER
EXPECTED TO FIND
YOU HERE!

WHITEY JONES!
WHAT YOU DOIN'
HERE, SINCE
THEY RAN
YOU OUTTA
PAINT ROCK?

THAT'S MY
BUSINESS!
WHO SHUT
YOU UP
HERE?

DONT TALK NOW, WHITEY!
HELP ME OUTTA HERE! TH
ROOF'S CAVIN' IN ON ME!



THERE GOES TH' ROOF!
THAT SURE WAS A
CLOSE SHAVE!



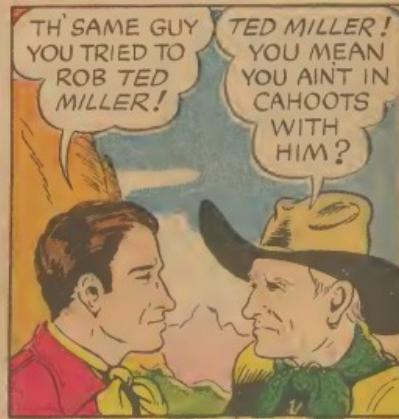
LOOK OUT! TH'
WHOLE ENTRANCE
IS CAVIN' IN!



I'M SURE MUCH OBLIGED
TO YOU, WHITEY. I'D BEEN
A GONER, IF YOU HADNT
COME ALONG



NOW YOU'LL TALK, AUTRY. WHO
SHUT YOU UP IN THERE?



TH' SAME GUY
YOU TRIED TO
ROB TED
MILLER!

TED MILLER!
YOU MEAN
YOU AINT IN
CAHOOTS
WITH
HIM?

NO, I STEPPED
ON HIS TOES,
SO HE AND
HIS GANG
BROUGHT
ME HERE.
WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

I CAME UP FROM
TEXAS, HUNTING' BILL
BURLEY. TRACKED
HIM THIS FAR. I
THINK TED MILLER'S
BURLEY, AN' I WAS
LOOKIN' FOR PROOF
THAT NIGHT, NOT
TRYIN' TO STEAL
HIS DUST

TED MILLER'S YOUR MAN,
ALL RIGHT, WHITEY, AN' THAT'S
TH' END OF HIS HIDE-OUT!



WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE SOON'S IT'S
DARK. THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO MAKE
THEIR GETAWAY TONIGHT



I HID IN
THIS CAVE
BEFORE. IF
CHAMP'S
ANYWHERE
AROUND,
HE'LL HEAR
ME WHISTLE

HE HEARD IT!
HERE HE COMES!











A BOND A DAY WILL KEEP THE AXIS AWAY





HE'S HEADIN' DOWN
TH' CANYON !



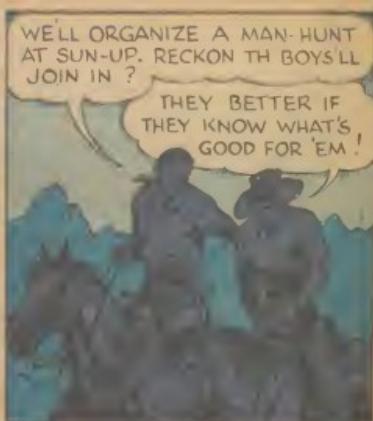
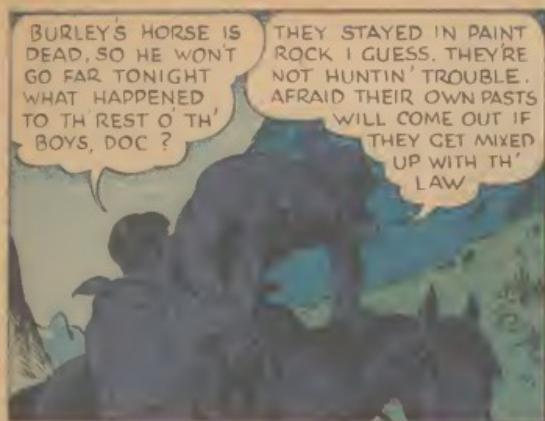
THIS TIME
HE WON'T
GET AWAY !



I'VE GOT TH' FASTEST
HORSE IN PAINT ROCK,
AUTRY. WE GOTTA
GET THAT BURLEY !







LOOK SHARP, BOYS, AN' KEEP
YOUR GUNS READY. IF HES
HIDIN' OUT IN HERE, HE'LL
SHOOT TO KILL!

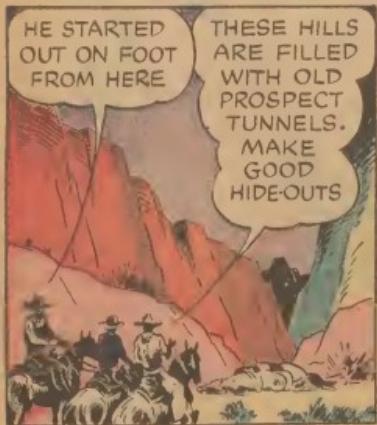


HE STARTED
OUT ON FOOT
FROM HERE

THESE HILLS
ARE FILLED
WITH OLD
PROSPECT
TUNNELS.
MAKE
GOOD
HIDE-OUTS

WELL SEPARATE HERE.
IF YOU FIND HIS TRAIL
REMEMBER TH'
SIGNAL

YEP. TWO
GUN SHOTS



IF HE CAME THIS WAY,
WE OUGHTTA FIND
SOME KIND OF A
TRAIL, CHAMP



DRIED BLOOD! WE
DID FIND A TRAIL!
RECKON ONE O'
MY BULLETS
MUSTA HIT
HIM!









A WAR STAMP A DAY WILL STOW THE AXIS AWAY

WHY DIDN'T YOU GIT A JTRY ON A LINE WITH TH' TUNNEL, SO'S I COULD DRILL HIM, YOU OLD FOOL? I WAS AFRAID T' SHOOT UNLESS I WAS SURE OF A DIRECT HIT



I'LL STEAL AN' SPY FER YOU, BILL, BUT I WONT HELP KILL A MAN IN COLD BLOOD. NOW YOU BETTER GIT OUTTA SIGHT

SOON'S IT'S DARK I'LL BE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE. WHERE'S TH' HORSE?

OVER YONDER IN BLACK GULLY. I'LL GIT HIM WHEN YOU'RE READY



I'LL PUT TH' STONES BACK. SOON'S YOU'RE INSIDE TH' TUNNEL, BILL



KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT, MACK. WHISTLE IF YOU SEE ANYBODY



THIS TIME I'VE GOT YOU, BILL BURLEY! AN' I'M GOIN' TO TAKE YOU BACK ALIVE TO DOC WELCH!









CHAMP GOT YOU, BURLEY!
AN' THIS TIME YOU
WON'T GET AWAY!

LATER

LUCKY FOR YOU, BURLEY,
THAT MACK HAD THAT HORSE
HIDDEN IN BLACK GULLY. IT
WOULDDA BEEN A LONG
WALK INTO PAINT ROCK



GOOD WORK,
AUTRY. NOW
BILL BURLEY
WILL GET
WHAT HE
DESERVES!

WHO'S
THE
OLD
MAN?
HE LOOKS
JUST
LIKE
CHRIS

THAT WAS TH' GAME. THIS
OLD TIMER AN' CHRIS COULD
SHUTTLE BACK AN' FORTH
BETWEEN HERE AN' TH' HIDE-
OUT AN' NO ONE KNEW
WHICH WAS WHICH



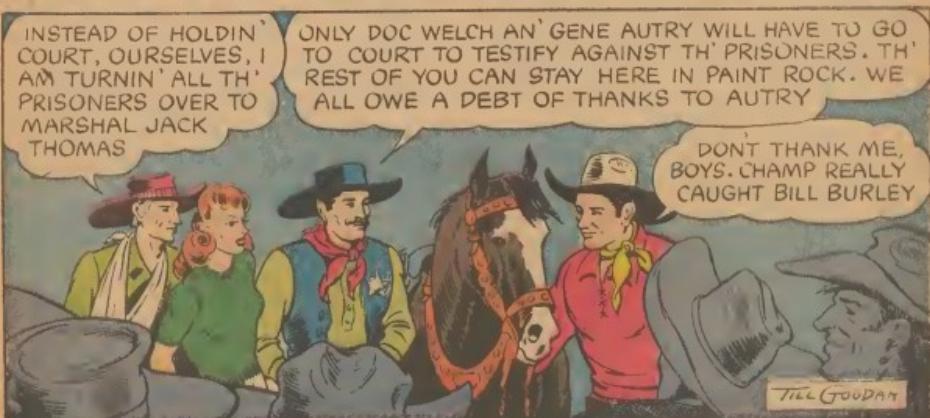
TH' MARSHAL WILL BE HERE
SOON, AN' I'LL GIVE TH'
SIGNAL FOR TH' OTHER
SEARCHIN' PARTIES TO
COME IN

YOU'LL
FIND TH' MISSIN'
GOLD DUST IN
MACK'S SHACK



INSTEAD OF HOLDIN'
COURT, OURSELVES, I
AM TURNIN' ALL TH'
PRISONERS OVER TO
MARSHAL JACK
THOMAS

ONLY DOC WELCH AN' GENE AUTRY WILL HAVE TO GO
TO COURT TO TESTIFY AGAINST TH' PRISONERS. TH'
REST OF YOU CAN STAY HERE IN PAINT ROCK. WE
ALL OWE A DEBT OF THANKS TO AUTRY



DON'T THANK ME,
BOYS. CHAMP REALLY
CAUGHT BILL BURLEY

TILL GOUDAY



The dusty little courtroom was filled with the mutter of low, threatening voices.

"Quiet!" the wrinkled, gray-haired Justice thundered in a strong voice.

"What's the use of wastin' time on a trial, Sam?" a man on the front bench called suddenly. "Let's jest take the thievin' skunk out an' string him up an' go on about our bizness."

"There ain't goin' to be no stringin' up while I'm Justice of the Peace, Hank Jenkins!" Justice Sam Brent said quietly, looking at the man on the front bench. "I aim to see that Tim gets a fair an' square trial. So all o' you better keep quiet, or out you go! Now we'll go on with the case of the People o' Cottonwood County agin Timothy Brown. Tell your story, Sheriff."

"What's the sense of tellin' it all over agin, Sam?" the Sheriff asked.

"I want to hear it agin," the Justice said.

"Tim Brown came to Cottonwood City 'bout a year ago," the sheriff said. "He was lookin' fer work an' Widder Elkins gave him a berth on her ranch. After Tom Elkins died, Sary tried to keep on runnin' the outfit an' she needed a hand. So she hired Tim Brown. Tim eased his way into Sary's confidence. Fin'lly he talked her into mortgagin' the place, so she could buy more stock an' repair the barns. He got the money in cash. Three thousand

dollars it was. Tim started out early in the mornin' fer Millertown to buy the stock. Bud Kramer, one o' Sary's hands, went with him. An' Tim come back alone on foot that evenin', tellin' the wild yarn that he'd been ambushed an' robbed on the road an' that poor old Bud had been shot down in cold blood.

"Sary had so much trust in the varmint that she believed him. But that night Tim skipped, takin' one of Sary's best horses. Jock Diggins, another one o' Sary's old hands, tracked him down an' caught him, jest as he was gettin' on the Millertown stage. An' we put him in jail."

Again the threatening mutter of many voices filled the hot, stifling room.

"Keep quiet!" the Justice yelled above the noise. When a rustling silence took the place of the angry mutters, the Justice turned to the Sheriff. "Didja ever find the three thousand dollars, Ed?" he asked.

"Nope. Tim sure hid it good an' he won't talk," the Sheriff answered.

"We'll make the skunk talk!" a dozen voices shouted. "Let us have him, Sam."

"Quiet!" the Justice roared.

Slowly Tim Brown stood up. He was a lean, wiry man in his early fifties.

"Guilty or not guilty, Tim?" the Justice asked.

"Not guilty!" Tim's voice was low.

The Justice pulled his gun from its holster at his belt and laid it on the table in front of him. Then he looked at the men on the benches.

"If there's any commotion in here, I won't wait to pound my gavel," he said quietly. "Now tell your story, Tim."

"Bud an' I started for town with Sary Elkins' money, like Ed said," Tim Brown began. "We were ridin' along an', all of a sudden, a man jumped outa the underbrush alongside the road. He had the drop on me. There wasn't nothin' I could

do. Bud tried to pull his gun an' the fella shot him down. He took the money an' my guns. Then he led his own horse outa the bushes an' rode away, takin' my horse with him. That's the truth, Sam."

"Got any idee who the fella was, Tim?" the Justice asked after a moment.

"No. He had a bandanna tied across his face."

"Why'd you try to skip out?" the Justice continued.

"In the middle o' the night, I got an idee. I suddenly remebered somethin' about the man an' I knew I'd recognize him if I saw him agin. I figgered he'd head for Millertown an' the railroad with all that money. I decided I'd foller him. I didn't want to wake Sary up, so I just lit out. I had to move fast."

"What did you remember about him, Tim?" The Justice leaned forward.

"I'd rather not say out loud," Tim said quietly. "If the fella's around, he could guard agin givin' himself away. I'll tell you, private-like."

"Don't lissen to him, Sam!" Hank Jenkins shouted from the front bench.

"Shut up, Hank Jenkins!" The Justice stood up and glared down at the other man. "I'm the Justice an' I'll run this here court as I see fit. An' don't fergit, boys, that I can still shoot straight!"

The room was silent as the Justice and Tim Brown spoke in whispers. Then Tim went back to his chair beside the Deputy and the Justice stood, facing the men.

"I've decided to postpone this here trial fer a week, boys," the Justice said sternly. "I'm goin' to test out what Tim jest told me. But I give you my solemn word that I'll bring him back into this room an' sentence him to hangin' a week from today, if my scheme don't work out."

"The skunk don't deserve a week!" Hank Jenkins cried, jumping to his feet

and stepping forward toward the Justice. As he moved, his right foot twisted under him and he stumbled. But he regained his balance quickly.

Suddenly Tim Brown's eyes blazed.

"There's the man you want, Sam!" he shouted. "Hank Jenkins is the one who shot Bud an' stole the money!"

In the breathless, shocked second of silence which followed Tim's words, Hank Jenkins moved with lightning-like swiftness. He jumped behind the Justice and faced the startled men, his gun in his hand.

"I'll shoot the first one o' you that moves!" he bellowed.

But the Justice was too fast for him. He fell back against the table. His fingers touched his gun, lying there, and swirled its muzzle toward Hank. He pulled the trigger and Hank crumpled to the floor.

"How'd you figger it, Tim?" someone asked, after quiet had returned.

"When I got back to Sary's that night, I remembered that the robber's right ankle had twisted under him, when he was hurryin' to get his horse," Tim told the others. "I figgered that mebbe I could spot him in the railroad station at Millertown."

"I guess you kin run your court the way you want to after this, Sam," a middle-aged rancher drawled quietly. "You know how to go about gettin' justice done."

The Justice smiled as the crowded little room rang with cheers.



COWGIRLS' Bronc Riding



TILL GOODAH

HUNT FOR OLD RUBBER TO TIRE OUT THE AXIS



ACCORDING TO ALL RECORDS AVAILABLE, THE FIRST COWGIRL WHO EVER PERFORMED IN A RODEO ARENA WAS "PRAIRIE ROSE" HENDERSON, THE DAUGHTER OF A WYOMING RANCHER. SHE WAS PERMITTED TO ENTER THE COWBOYS BRONC-RIDING CONTEST AT THE FRONTIER DAYS CELEBRATION IN CHEYENNE, WYOMING, BACK IN 1901. SOON THEREAFTER, A COWGIRLS' BRONC-RIDING EVENT TOOK ITS PLACE ON MANY OF THE RODEO PROGRAMS

THE RULES OF THIS EVENT ARE MUCH THE SAME AS THOSE OF THE COWBOYS' BRONC-RIDING CONTEST, EXCEPT THAT MOST OF THE COWGIRLS RIDE WITH "HOBBLED STIRRUPS," THAT IS.. THE STIRRUPS ARE TIED FIRMLY TO THE HORSES SIDES BY A ROPE WHICH PASSES UNDER THE HORSE'S BODY...

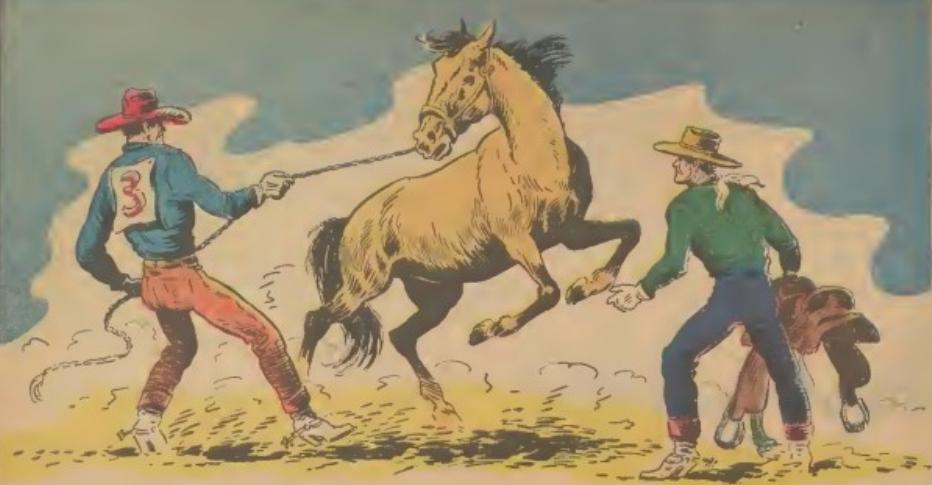


THE HORSES USED IN THIS CONTEST ARE SELECTED FROM THE REGULAR "BUCKING STRING;" BUT USUALLY THE SMALLER "BRONCS" ARE PICKED. SOME OF THE LARGER BUCKING HORSES WILL WEIGH AS MUCH AS 1300 TO 1400 POUNDS. THE AVERAGE SADDLE HORSE WEIGHS AROUND 1100 POUNDS. THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE MOST STRENUOUS SPORTS IN WHICH WOMEN PARTICIPATE.

Wild Horse Race



TILL GOODAH



THE WILD HORSE RACE IS AN EVENT FEATURED BY MOST OF THE LARGER RODEOS. THE HORSES USED ARE WILD RANGE STOCK THAT HAS NEVER BEEN 'HALTER-BROKE' OR RIDDEN. THE RACE IS USUALLY LIMITED TO SIX OR EIGHT RIDERS. EACH RIDER HAS A HELPER TO ASSIST HIM IN SADDLING. AFTER EVERYONE IS SADDLED A SIGNAL IS GIVEN. THE RIDERS MOUNT AND ATTEMPT TO RIDE THEIR HORSES AROUND THE ARENA. SOME HORSES BUCK VIOLENTLY IN A SMALL CIRCLE, OTHERS 'SULL' OR REFUSE TO BUDGE, MANY OF THEM RUN IN THE WRONG DIRECTION... THE FIRST RIDER TO CIRCLE THE ARENA IS ADJUDGED THE WINNER.



GOLD FLASH

GOLD FLASH, THE WILD BUCKSKIN COLT, WAS ROPE AND BRAND BY BART WEST. BUT THE UNTAMED FLASH ESCAPED FROM THE CORRAL AND RETURNED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PLAINS AND HILLS. BART VOWED THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD MEET AGAIN.



WE OUGHTTA PICK UP A FEW GOOD MUSTANGS 'ROUND HERE

THEY'LL BRING A HIGH PRICE FOR TH' BUCKIN' STRING AT TH' RODEO



LOOK AT THAT YELLER COLT WITH THAT BUNCH O' BROOMTAILS

YOU DON'T RECKON IT'S THAT GOLD FLASH THAT BART WEST WAS TALKIN' ABOUT, DO YOU?



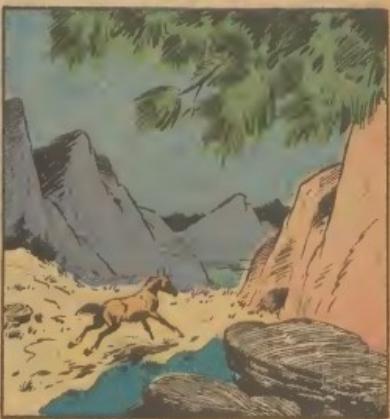
IT IS BART'S COLT! I KIN SEE HIS BRAND!

LET'S GIT HIM, JAKE. HE'S TH' FINEST LOOKIN' COLT I EVER SEEN



LOOKIT TH' LITTLE RASCAL RUN!











BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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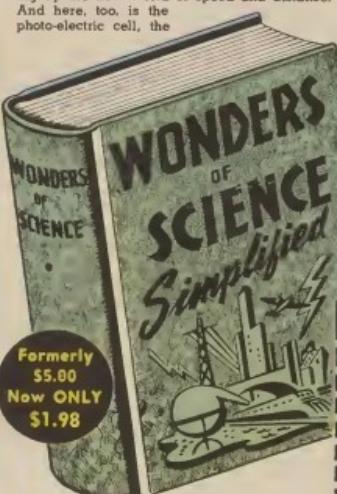
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